A COUNTRY SCHOOL

Pretty and pale and tired She sits in her stiff backed chair, While the blazing summer sun Silines in on her noft brown hair; and the little brown sixty.

And the little brook without, That she bears through the open door, Mocks with its murmur cool Hard beach and dusty floor. It seems such an endless round,

Grammar and A B C.
The blackboard and the sums,
The stupid geography—
When from teacher to little Jem Not one of them cares a straw Whether "John" is in any "case,"

Or Kansas in Omaha. For Jemmy's bare brown feet Are aching to wade in the stream, Where the trout to his luring tait. Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam; And his teacher a bine eyes stray. To the flowers on the deak hard by.

Till her thoughts have followed her eyes With a half unconscious sigh. Her heart outruns the clock

As she smells their faint, sweet scent; But when have time and heart Their measure in unison blent? For time will haste or lag. Like your shadow on the grast, That lingers far beinfad.

Or files when you fain would pass. Have patience, restless Jem-

And patience, tired blue eyes, Down the winding road by the gate, Under the willow sha

Stands some one with fresher Bowers; to turn to your books again, And keep love for the after hours. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

It was after Mrs. Jeffries, still a voune and pretty woman, was dressed for dinner, and sitting at the window with her embroidery, that she saw a messenger boy crawl up the street, stop to throw a stone at another boy, and finally rung her door

stairs girl," brought her a note. It was from her friend, Edwina Jones, familiarly Ned, who had come from afar to pay her a visit, and being timerous, had decided to wait at the depot until she came to meet her. There was no time to lose. Mrs Jeffries gave a few directions to her cook, and

Half an hour after she had gone Mr. Jeffries returned home and let himself in with his latch key, wondering that his wife did not come to meet him.

Mr. Jeffries had been a very jealous man before he married. He confessed it, He would not permit any one to pay the least attention to his Emma Jane. Even couslus of the first degree made him suffer pangs of grief unknown when they called of Sunday afternoons, and an uncle, who was unusually young for that relationship, while as yet unknown, had driven him to the most serious thoughts of suicide, for Emma Jane had kissed him in the front hall.

"Do you really think, Jefferson Jeffries, that I can endure such conduct?" his Emma Jane bad remarked. "Is it possible that any one can put up with being fol-lowed around like that, and stared at like that? Do you think I will?" and then she had given him back his ring, and he had ground it under foot.

However, he bought her another in a mouth or so, and they made it up and married; and Mr. Jeffries, warned by the past, had behaved himself very well, in-deed, and he had never yet been jealous of his wife, when one afternoon in August he came home early to dinner and found her gone out "

Bella, did she say where she was go-

'Ing?" asked Mr. Jeffries.
"No, sir," said Bella. "She gave out the things for dessert and went out in a hurry lolke, in her best things, just after she got note loike, brought by a boy dressed like a tallygraph.

"Ah!" said Mr. Jeffries. "I trust her mother is not ill. It really seems as though omething must have happened."

He went upstairs when he had said this,

and looked about him for the message, which, doubtless, she had left lying some where. He could see none. He opened the drawer in which Emma Jane kept her trifles of lace and ribbon and quilled mus-Jin, and still sow nothing. But, clancing into the waste paper basket, he discovered a twisted paper, and, as it was the last of the little heap, picked it out and un-

Spreading out the wrinkles, he put his glasses on his nose and read. And as he read his cheek grew pale, for these were

DEARBOY ENEX JANE-Meet me on the New York side of Twenty-third atrest ferry. I long to see you after our long parting. Yours very, wery foodly. "Ned!" claculated Mr. Jeffries: "Ned!"

He ground his teeth and clenched his fists. He could have howled with rage, but for the proprieties which we generally observe in our greatest agonies. This was the end of it all then; Emma Jane had gone to meet her old beau. Old or new, who could tell? A lover, anyhow. He tried to be calm; but he could not believe himself mistaken. He knew her brothers and consins well. They were Peter, Paul, William, Elias, Samuel and James. Even her father, who would not have signed his first name, was Adoniram. There was no way

"No end but one," thought Mr. Jeffries, as he sought for the pistol generally kept on hand for possible burglars. "I must follow them, find them, shoot him first, her next and myself last. No one shall know why; but the traitress will know as

He put the pistol in his pocket, crowded his hat over his eyes and rushed out of the door. A Twenty-third street car was passing; he jumped into it and retired into a corner, folding his arms.

"Fare!" cried the driver. Mr. Jeffrie mechanically deposited something in the box, and sank into his seat and a black study again. A volley of shocking reproaches from the driver aroused him. He found the passengers glaring at him.

"I've had this trick played on me before," eried the driver through the door. "You're a nice one, ain't you, at your age, to put a coat button into the bex?"

Mr. Jeffries received the remark without an answer, and repaired his error by putting a quarter into the same aperture into which he had dropped the button.

"My belief is you are crazy," remarked the driver. "Ach, yes!" respended an old Hebrew

lady, shaking her head. Mr. Jeffries only groaned. What was ing her silver to him? He rode on, the object of to her."

Shortly after a friend entered the car. He was a man of jovial disposition, and, as he said, fond of his toke. After nodding

iling in vain, he bethought himself to poke Mr. Jeffries in the ribs with the immense knob of the handle of his umbrella. Taking the passengers into his ce by a knowing wink, he stole forward and perpetrated his loke.

The "punch" was a hard one; the result

an explosion. If any one had tried to fire the pistol in that manner he would have failed. Accidentally Mr. Joblings had

Mr. Jeffries gave a groan, started up and fell forward on his face, blood trickling over his stocking. The car was stopped, and policemen carried Mr. Jeffries into a drug store. The penitant Joblines was in

custody, naving voluntarily delivered him self over to justice. The wound was not perhaps a dangerous one, but Jeffries re-mained unconscious. Joblings accompanied him to his home in a cab, and having told the tale in a court of justice, was permitted to go free on his own bail. And just as Jefferson Jeffries opened his eyes his Emma Jane arrived at her door in a cab, with a trunk fastened on behind marked "E. J.," and a young lady within

in a pium colored cloth traveling suit.
"My dear, dear Jeffy hurt!" cried the poor wife, as Bella told the tale. "Oh, let Away she rushed up the stairs to the

bedroom above and bent over her husband's pillow.

"Jeffy, dear!" she sobbed; but, to her consternation, Jefferson opened his eyes, looked at her, and suid: "Leave me, woman!"
"It isn't a woman. It is your own

Emmy," sighed Mrs. Jeffries.
"Take her away!" said Jefferson "Is he delirious, doctor?" asked poor Emma Jane, trembling.

"No, madam," replied that gentleman "Then what does this mean!" asked the

poor woman. "Madam," said the doctor, the most solemn of his profession, which is saying

much, "madam, I have no desire to pry into your domestic difficulties." "My domestic difficulties? I never had any. Oh, dear, dear Jeffy, speak to your

Emmy," sobbed Mrs. Jeffries.
But her Jefferson only replied by saying in deep chest notes:
"Crocodile! Take her away. The sight

of her is madness. Will no one rid me of

"Oh, Mr. Joblings, tell me what he means!" "Beg pardon, madam, I must request you to retire," answered Mr. Joblings, all his nature apparently turned to gall.

You alone know the meaning of those

Poor Emma Jane. She rushed down tairs when the door of her own room had actually been closed upon her, and told her incoherent story to her friend.

"I've seen him jealous before," she said, "but not like this. What can it mean?" "What did you do? Whom is he jealous of?" asked the other woman.

"Oh, Ned, I don't know," sobbed Emma And Edwina Jones concluded very natarally that Emma had been flirting terri-

bly with several individuals. Thus, wronged by all, even her girlhood's friend, Mrs. Jeffries abandoned herself to despair.

A bullet in the calf seldom kills, and as it was extracted promptly, the wound healed and Jefferson Jeffries began to recover, but he still refused to see his wife; and on the first day of his convalescence he summoned his lawyer and sent him to Emma Jane empowered to effect a separa-

"This letter is my reason," he said, with a dreadful groan, thrusting the crumpled note into his hand. "I was on my way to shoot the fellow when Joblings managed to shoot me. She shall keep the house if she likes, but I never wish to see her With this message the lawver sought the

unhappy lady, and in the presence of Edwina Jones interviewed her. One comfort at least I shall get from this," said Mrs. Jeffrics, with dignity. "I

shall know my crime.' "Mr. Jeffries opines that this will ex-plain," said the lawyer, presenting her with the crumpled letter, which with its signature suggested very dreadful things

Emma Jane took it in her hand, looked at it, and then handed it to her friend.
"My letter!" cried Edwina, dumfounded.

The puzzled lawyer elevated his eyebrows. "I am called 'Ned' at home," said Miss Jones. "Surely Mr. Jeffries knew that. Ob, Emma Jane, how I have wronged you in my heart." Explanations followed.

The lawyer, choking down his laughter, returned to Mr. Jeffries' apartment, and gave them to that gentleman with dra-matic effect. Never had he more trouble in preserving the grave dignity proper to his position, when Jefferson Jeffries, clasping his hands together, ejaculated:

'Edwina Jones!' Of course I knew. But I forgot her very existence How have wronged my wife! Wretch that I am, can she ever forgive me?"

"Never!" Emma Jane decided. "You have disgraced me before your friends, before strangers, cast suspicion on me and insulted me by word and deed. I demand a separation.'

Then she went home to her parents, and Jefferson Jeffries was left alone to reflect on his ridiculous conduct. He was obliged to explain to the doctors, to Joblings, to everybody, and he suffered agonies of shame. He longed for his Emma, whom he loved more than ever, and he writhed under the reproaches of her mother and father and the menaces of her big brothers. When he was able he used to go alone at midnight and stare up at his wife's window, and by day baunt her stens unseen when she went out walking. At last he followed her to church one Sunday. She was alone in her pew. He entered and sat down beside her. When the hymn was given out he offered her his hymn book.

Over it their heads met. "Oh, Jefferson, how could you?" she whispered; but that evening she went back home again. She felt that Mr. Jeffries had had his lesson, and would profit by it for

had his result in the rest of his existence.

Ned says they are the happlest couple she knows.—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

Heroines of the Hospital.

I could mention scores of brave heroines of the hospital, says a man familiar with the work of women in the late war. There was Mrs. Barker, of Boston, sister of Hon. William Whiting, and wife of a clergyman; Emily E. Parsons, daughter of Professor Theophilus Parsons, of Cambridge, and granddaughter of Chief Justice Parsons; Mrs. Harvey, the wife of Governor Harvey, of Wisconsin; Mrs. Mary Morris Husband, granddaughter of Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution; Kath erine Prescott Wormley, a rich woman and a native of England, who port villa to go to the front; Mary J. Saf-ford, "the Cairo Angel," the first woman in the west to take up the work; Mrs. Harriet Colfax, the young widow of a brother of Schuyler Colfax; the well known Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Chicago, and Arabella Griffith, who married Gen. Francis Barlow, the now famous New York lawyer, the day before he started for the front, and soon afterward followed him.

Mrs. John McWilliams, a Nebraska wife. prays the court to restrain her lawful husband "from patting her on the head, pok-ing her in the ribs and talking baby talk

The Cochin China people strike two seces of bamboo together and ignite finder. The coating of amorphous, selix like flint on the surface of the bamboo yields a spark at a sharp blow.

A spider has four bags of thread-such little bags. In every bag there are a thousand holes—such tiny holes. Out of each hole thread runs, and all the threads— 4,000 the spins together as they run, and when they are all soun they make but one

thread of the web she weaves. A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind blows. The stem is covered with dead, warty looking lumps which need but a slight breeze to make them unfold large flowers of a creamy white, which close and appear dead as soon as the wind subsides. | dutiful and affectionate girl.

A SUNSET THOUGHT.

The sun is burning with intensest light Behind you grove; and in the golden glow Of unconsuming fire it doth show
Like to the bush, in which to Meson' sight.'
The Lord appeared; and oh, sen I not right
Is thinking that he respicare e'en now
To me, in the old giory, and I bow
My head, in wonder hush'd, before his might!
Yeal this whole weld so wast, to faith's clear
eve.

eye, Is but that burning bush full of his power, His light and glory: not consumed thereby, But made transparent; till in each least flower Yes! in each sumilist leaf, she can descry His spirit shining through it visibly.

A G. A. R. BUTTON.

There are many organizations in this country whose gatherings and noble deeds illustrate the feeling of brotherhood among men; but it must be conceded that there is one of them whose members are bound together by stronger and dearer ties than are the members of any other fraternity. I refer to the Grand Army of the Republic. At a G. A. R. campfire men meet who, shoulder to shoulder, have more than once faced the chances of death on the field of battle, have endured privation and defeat together, and together have cheered in the hour of victory. Consequently they have a mutual knowledge and a mutual feeling that men cannot have who have moved entirely in the paths of peace.

To be present at a campfire is to enjoy the society of brave and kind hearted men. It is the place to hear interesting stories of the war, told by those who participated in the scenes which they describe. Pipes and tobacco are passed, and as the veterans smoke at their ease the commander of the local post calls on distinguished visitors and members of the post to entertain the company with reminiscences. Pathos and humor appear about equally in the stories. One veteran recalls some personal ex-perience in a terrible battle, and tells how some comrade dear to many of his hearers fell, mortally wounded. The next speaker relieves the sadness caused by what has just been said. He gives the particulars of a successful raid on some rebel's hen roost, and is rewarded with hearty laughter. Occasionally stories not directly connected with the war are told, and are not less interesting than those

At a recent campfire I heard a romantic story told by a gallant captain who carried an empty sleeve. His reputation as a story teller was first class, and the "boys" knew that he could tell something uncommonly good. After the warm applause that greeted him when he arose to his feet end subsided

he said: "I shall not tell a funny story to-night But do not be disappointed. I have some-thing better, something new and uncom-mon, which I know will interest you. It is a pretty little romance connected with a G. A. R. button, such as the one I wear (pointing to a little button attached to the lapel of his coat, a well known badge of the Grand Army of the Republic), such as some of you wear. I take the more pleasure in relating the story because it conspicuously illustrates the much good of which human nature is capable in spite of the talk of cynics. It will do my heart good to relate it, and I trust it will do your hearts good to hear it.

"Two years ago, while I was journeying toward Chicago, I had a most interesting conversation with a good hearted and social western man who sat beside me in the smoker, and it was he who told me the greater part of what I shall relate. He said that in his neighborhood there lived a certain Col. Fifer, a veteran of the late war who was a millionaire. Although he had the means to surround himself with every comfort and pleasure, he had for several years lived in the plainest manner, and had cared nothing for the gayeties of the world. But it was not surprising that he lived as he did, for fate had dealt him cruel blows. In one year not only his wife, to whom he was most tenderly attached, but also two idolized chil-dren, a daughter 16 years of age and a son of 20, were swept from his side by death. At the age of 50 years he was left alone. The chief object of his life. had been to promote the comfort and hapdraws of his family and they w He had his great riches, but there was no one near and dear to him with whom he could enjoy them. Some men, visited by a similar misfortune, would have yielded to despondency, but he was a man of too much resolution and good sense to allow himself to become morbid and to let his life go to waste. He endeavored to regain his cheerfulness by engaging in business that made it necessary for him to travel and to see new scenes. The result was that he finally began to be like himself once more, but there were hours when he

could not help feeling sad and lonely. "One day, in the course of his travels, he visited a small western city for the purpose of examining the inducements to invest in real estate. He had been told that the location of the city was so good and the railroad facilities so excellent that it was destined to become a large place, and that the land in its outskirts must rapidly rise in value. While he was making his inquiries in the city he chanced to see standing in the doorway of a grocery store a man who had a pleasant, intelligent face. The appearance of the man impressed him pulse to make his acquaintance. Accordingly, Col. Fifer introduced himself to the man, who preved to be the proprietor of the store, and, finding him very polite and friendly, soon told him what his business was. The man-Joseph Decker was his none-said that, although he was not pecuniarily interested in the real estate business, he thought that he could give the colonel some valuable information. They had not been talking long before Col. Fifer noticed that the storekeeper was gazing intently at the lapel of his coat, to which

was attached a small bronze G. A. R. button.
"T see that you are an old soldier,' said

Mr. Decker.
"'Yes, I have seen a little service,' the colonel modestly replied. "'I know you were a good soldier, by

your looks,' said the other, eagerly, 'and I wish you would allow me to shake hands with you, for I have been a soldier, too." "They shook hands heartily, and soon were engrossed in reminiscences of the war, as only two thorough veterans could come engrossed. Although each of them refrained from recounting his own valorous deeds, it did not take them long to become convinced that each had seen hard service and had been a brave soldier. Mr. Decker became so much interested in his new friend that he insisted that he should go home with him to dinner, and should be his guest throughout the remainder of the day, the colonel having informed that it was his intention to leave the city on a late afternoon train. The colonel felt that he ought not to ac-

cept so much bespitality from a stranger and endeavored to excuse himself, but in vain. Mr. Decker would not take no for an answer. It was then noon, and they immediately started for Mr. Decker's home. In ten minutes they reached it. The house was evidently not a fashionable one, but it was a comfortable home for a man of modest means, and was situated in a roomy yard where there were fine shade trees and plenty of green grass. As they left the gate and went up the graveled walk toward the front door Mr. Decker's only daughter ran forth to meet them. She had a winning face, a lithe and graceful figure, and the tender feeling that beamed from her eyes as she speke to her father convinced Col. Fifer that she was a

"They went into the house and seate." themselves in the pleasant parlor Dinner was soon announced, and then Col. Fifer met Mrs. Decker for the first time. She proved to be a very agreeable woman, and was not less anxious than her husband to make their guest feel at home. It seemed to the colonel that he had never met with a family that interested him more. They were so kind to each other, so desirous to please their guest, that he felt his heart warm toward them as if they were old friends. After dinner they insisted that he should take a ride with them. Mr. Decker attached his horse to a two seated covered wagon, and the three members of the family and their guest started on a ride that included a view of the most interesting portions of the city. When it was time for Col. Fifer to take the train, Mr. Decker drove to the station, and the colonel parted with the friendly family with much regret, after having extended hearty invitation to them to visit his

"About a year passed away, during which the colonel did not hear anything concern-ing the family that had interested him so much, although pleasant recollections of them often came to his mind. One day he picked up a daily paper, and began to read an account of a cyclone that had done much havoc in the west. Much to his alarm he noticed that the city where Mr. Decker lived had been partially destroyed by the tornado, and among the list of killed he found the names of his friend and his ami able wife. The picture of the happy family returned to him, and his soul was filled with sadness. It seemed cruel and wrong that so great a misfortune should visit people so worthy. He looked for the name of the daughter in the list of dead, but could not find it. Probably she had escaped, and he immediately formed a generous resolution. He packed his valise and made a journey to the unfortunate city. When he arrived he went immediately to the locality where his friend's house had

"A sad sight greeted his eyes. All of the houses in the vicinity had either been blown down or had been partially torn to pieces. In place of pleasant homes were heaps of unsightly ruins. Mr. Decker's house had been laid flat, and he and his wife, who were supposed to be in an upper room at the time, had fallen into the cellar and had been killed instantly. Their daughter was visiting a schoolmate in another part of the city, outside of the cyclone's track, and, frantic with apprehension, ran home only to find her worst fears realized. The terrible shock overpowered her, and it was at first feared that she would have brain fever; but youth and a good consti-tution were in her favor, and at the time of Col. Fifer's arrival she was considered to be out of danger. She had gone to live with a married sister of her mother until she could find something to do for a livelihood. It was necessary that she should support herself, for her father's store had been destroyed by the cyclone as well as the house; she would inherit only a little property, and her relatives in the city were

in moderate circumstances. "All of the foregoing facts were learned by Col. Fifer as he talked with citizens of the place, and served to strengthen his res olution to carry out the plan that he had formed. He sought out the girl. She remembered his visit well, and was very glad to see him. She told him that her parents had often spoken of the great pleasure that his visit had afforded them, and had hoped that they should see him some time again. Overcome by recollections of the happy days that she had spent with her be-loved parents, and by the consciousness of

her own loneliness, the beautiful and amiirl burst into tears. Col. Fifer hastto comfort her, and then unfolded his plan for her welfare. He told her that he had no family, that he was rich, and that he wished to adopt her as his daughter and heir. She listened, astonished, and at first refused, saying that she could not take so great a favor. But he persisted, told her that he was giad to return the kindness that had been shown him by her parents, and that, now that he was alone in the world, he greatly desired to adopt one that could be as a daughter to him. He argued so well that she finally consented to do as he wished. She soon had good reasons for being glad that she had given her consent, for a kinder man than Col. Fifer is does not exist. He immediately placed her in one of the best boarding schools in the country, being resolved that she should have the finest education obtain able, and he frequently visited the school and manifested the greatest interest in her progress. Miss Decker was as bright intellectually as she was amiable in disposition, and made excellent use of her opportuni

"And now comes the conclusion of my story, that part which to me is the most interesting of all, and a part which I am certain will surprise you. Not long ago a young man, in whose welfare I am greatly Interested, and in whose abilities much pride, became acquainted with the charming Miss Decker, and, as was ex tremely excusable, and even commendable all things being considered, fell desperately in love with her. He proposed, and to his vast astonishment be was accepted, for he was a very modest young man. Col. Fifer inquired as to the character and ability of the young man, and was so well satisfied that he readily gave his consent to the marriage, first stipulating that the young couple should make his house their bome, and cheer him and take care of him during his declining years. When he is gone they will inherit his property, amounting to a million or more dollars. Next fall the wedding will occur; and now who do you suppose the bridegroom is? He is my

The gallant captain sat down amid the hearty applause of his comrades, and they all declared that it was the best campfire story they had heard for a long time. - J. A. Bolles in Boston Budget.

The Name Against Him The Scandinavian minister at Washington is named A. Grip. After the experience of the American people with his relative the disease he can never hope to be poptilar. It is stated that he is a lineal descendant of King Agrippa.-Detroit Free Press

The largest bridge in the world crosses Lake Pontchartrain at New Orleans, and is twenty-two miles in length. It is trestle work on piles and is made of cypress wood, proof against the attack of barnacles.

The idea of utilizing electricity for canal boat propulsion is now assuming practical shape. A boat containing an electric motor of special design has been constructed, and the current will be supplied by trolleys, as in the overhead system now so extensively used for street railways.

The electric compass is having an excellent effect on the sailors on ships in which t has been adopted, as the steering in such cases has markedly improved. The object of this invention is to indicate by an electric bell placed in the captain's cabin any deviation from the course laid down through the carelessness of the man as the This invention is likely to materially lessen dangers at son.

WHEN THEY WILL BURN.

It requires 1,000 degs, of heat, Fahrenheit, to induce coal to emit fire. When sulphur reaches a temperature of

500 degs. it will begin to flame. Wood will resist heat up to 800 degs., at which point it loses its resistance, and the fire shows itself. The phosphorus on a match is raised by

friction to a temperature of 150 degs. Fab-renbelt, at which it ignites.

The Weman Was Eight There Tramp (smiling)-Good morning, ma-dam. I wanted to ask-but excuse me, perhaps your husband is at home? Woman-No, he's not.

Tramp-Or your son? Woman-I have none.

Tramp (smiling a little more)—And I think I met the hired man driving out as I came in. As I was saying, I wanted to sek (and he leaned somewhat heavily in on the door)-

Woman (interrupting)-If it's anything about rifles or revolvers you wanted to ask I'll do as well as the men folks. I traveled eight years with a show as the champion female wing shot, and I keep up practice steady.

Tramp (getting off the door)-Thanks. I'm a little pressed for time, and I merely wanted to ask how far it is to the nearest village. Three miles? Thank you. Good morning.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Cranky Patient.

Doctor (to patient)—I do not wish to frighten you, but if you have no objection I'd like to call in a couple of my brothe Irascible Patient-All right! If you need any assistance in murdering me call in your accomplices.—Texas Siftings.

ODD HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. Jacob Yerick, of Jackson, Mich has a sunflower sixteen feet high and still

A large sturgeon, with a chain five feet long attached to it, has been caught off the coast of Oregon. To a fruit peddler who is without hands

a New Haven distributer gave a tract bear ing warnings against card playing. A woman at Chester, Pa., dresses her children in their bathing suits, distributes them on the front lawn and then turns the

An 18-year-old youth at Cleveland went to the circus and laughed so much that he has been unable to stop laughing since. Doctors say the show affected his brain.

A West Virginian of Gilmer County veneered a black oak log with walnut bark and sold it to a confiding Cincinnatian as a genuine black walnut log and got \$106

Two enthusiastic bicyclers were married in New Haven, Conn., a day or two ago. They were attired in bicycle suits, and at conclusion of the ceremony they left on their wheels for a two weeks' run.

Mr. Thomas Dobbins, of Grundy county, Mo., aged 77 years, has just distinguished himself by riding fifty miles to see a circus. He said he couldn't expect to have another chance and was bound not to miss that one. A Boston boatman, who received a fifty,

cent piece for saving four men from drown ing has had the coin engraved: "Reward of Merit-For Rescuing Four Men from Drowning. 12% Cents Apiece." He will wear the coin as a medal. The mayor of Keytesville, Mo., was arrested recently for a violation of a city ordinance which prohibits the throwing of

caught him in the act, and the mayor fined himself \$1 for the offense. A youngster fell from a train making forty miles an hour near Albion, Mich., and when the train load of horrified passengers was backed to where it was expected to find the mangled remains the

paper in the streets. The city marshal

baby sat laughing and playing in the sand. An Ohlo clergyman surprised his congre gation recently by making the following announcement: "I would remind you, brethren, that the collection plate is not a nickel-in-the-slot machine, and that a few bills would come in very handy in the work of the church."

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

An ingenious device which has been suc cessfully operated in Chicago is a window

cleaner operated by electricity. At the recent medical congress in Berlin the discussions on electrical subjects were productive of intense interest. Electricity is being used in surgery to an extent little dreamed of outside the profession, and many tributes to the beneficence of its agency were given.

In some hospitals in Europe it is customary to allow visitors to converse on certain days by means of a telephone in a waiting room with patients in the wards and this arrangement has been found to work admirably in allowing communication without possibility of contagion.

The Wichita Produce company hasbeen made the wholesale and retail agent for the celebrated "Ferro-Manganese" waters of Excelsior Springs, Mo. 29 w fri sun-tf

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